And comes not in, ouer-rulde by propheſies,
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince* of *Wales*, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Corriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he ſhalbe well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, ſir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill! the day looookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſounds. Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meete vpon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue decei
And made vs doffe our eaſie Robes
To cruſh our old vneaſie limbs in vng
This is not well, my Lord, this is no
What ſay you to it? wil you againe v
This churliſh knot of all abhorred w
And moue in that obedient orbe aga
Where you did giue a faire and natu
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborn
Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſl
King. You haue not ſought it: ho
Falſ. Rebellion lay in his way, and
Prince. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleaſde your Maieſty to
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our
And yet I muſt remember you my L
We were the firſt and deareſt of yo
For you, my Staffe of office did I bre
In *Richards* time, and poſted day an
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe
When yet you were in place, and in
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and his
That brought you home, and boldly
The danger of the time. You ſwore
And you did ſweare that Oath at *D*
That you did nothing of purpoſe
Nor claime no further, then your
The ſeate of *Gant*, Dukedome of *La*
To this, we ſweare our ayde: but in
It raind downe, Fortune ſhowring
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell o

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7